

H

MENTAL

BOOK

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ALTO
WINTER

H-164

13 November 2013 - 23 March 2014

Parts of Speech

Punctuation

Nouns

- A word that describes a person, place, or thing
- Examples: girl (person), gym (place), eraser (thing)

Proper Nouns

- The name of a specific person, place, or thing that begins with a capital letter
- Examples: John F. Kennedy (person), Jupiter (place), Gettysburg Address (thing)

Pronouns

- A pronoun can take the place of a noun
- Examples: it, he, she, they

Verbs

- A word that tells about an action (run, swim, jump)
- Present tense verbs tell about actions happening now (running, swimming, jumping)
- Past tense verbs tell about actions that happened in the past (ran, swam, jumped)

Adjectives

- Describe a noun and also answer the questions: What kind? (small) How many? (three) Which one(s)? (Joe's)
- Example: The leaves on Joe's three small trees turn red in fall.

Adverbs

- A word that describes a verb, often ends in -ly, and answers: How? When? Where? To what extent?
- Examples: He drove slowly (how?), She went to the movies (where?), They quickly ran away (to what extent?)

Prepositions

- Relate a noun or pronoun to another word in the sentence and usually tell where something is, where something is going, or when something is happening
- Examples: before (when?), inside (where?)

Apostrophe (')

- Shows possession (Sarah's watch)
- Contractions (don't, haven't, can't)
- Creates plurals of lowercase letters (j's, p's, v's)

Colon (:

- Introduces lists (There are four seasons: winter, spring, summer, and fall.)
- Introduces long quotations (Martin Luther King Jr. said: "There is a dream that one day...")
- Separates hours from minutes (4:30, 10:23)
- Introduces a definition (C: The third letter in the Latin alphabet)

Comma (,)

- Separates clauses in sentences (The sun came out, which was good for the flowers.)
- Separates three or more words in a series (She had ham and eggs, juice, and an apple for breakfast.)
- Separates a city from a state (Chicago, Illinois)
- Separates the month and day from the year (July 2, 1979)
- Separates a direct quotation in a sentence (James said, "My favorite day of the week is Friday.")

Period (.)

- Ends most sentences (I will go fishing today.)
- Follows most initials (F. Scott Fitzgerald, Arthur C. Clarke)
- Follows most abbreviations (B.R., S.W.)

Exclamation Point (!)

- Ends exclamatory sentences (Hurry up!)
- Separates an interjection from a sentence (Congratulations! You did it!)
- Ends strong imperative sentences (Watch out for that car!)

Figures of Speech

Synonym

- A word of similar or like meaning
- Examples: baby and infant, sick and ill, freedom and liberty

Antonym

- A word of opposite meaning
- Examples: short and tall, more and less, near and far

Homonym

- Words that are spelled and sound the same but have different meanings
- Example: bear (animal) and bear (to carry)

Simile

- Compares two unlike things and is usually introduced by the words like or as
- Example: Thomas was as quiet as a mouse.

Metaphor

- A comparison of two different things to show a likeness between them without using the words like or as
- Example: She is a delicate flower.

Oxymoron

- Combines two normally contradictory terms
- Examples: bitter sweet, act naturally, calm news

H-164

MENTAL INSURRECTION

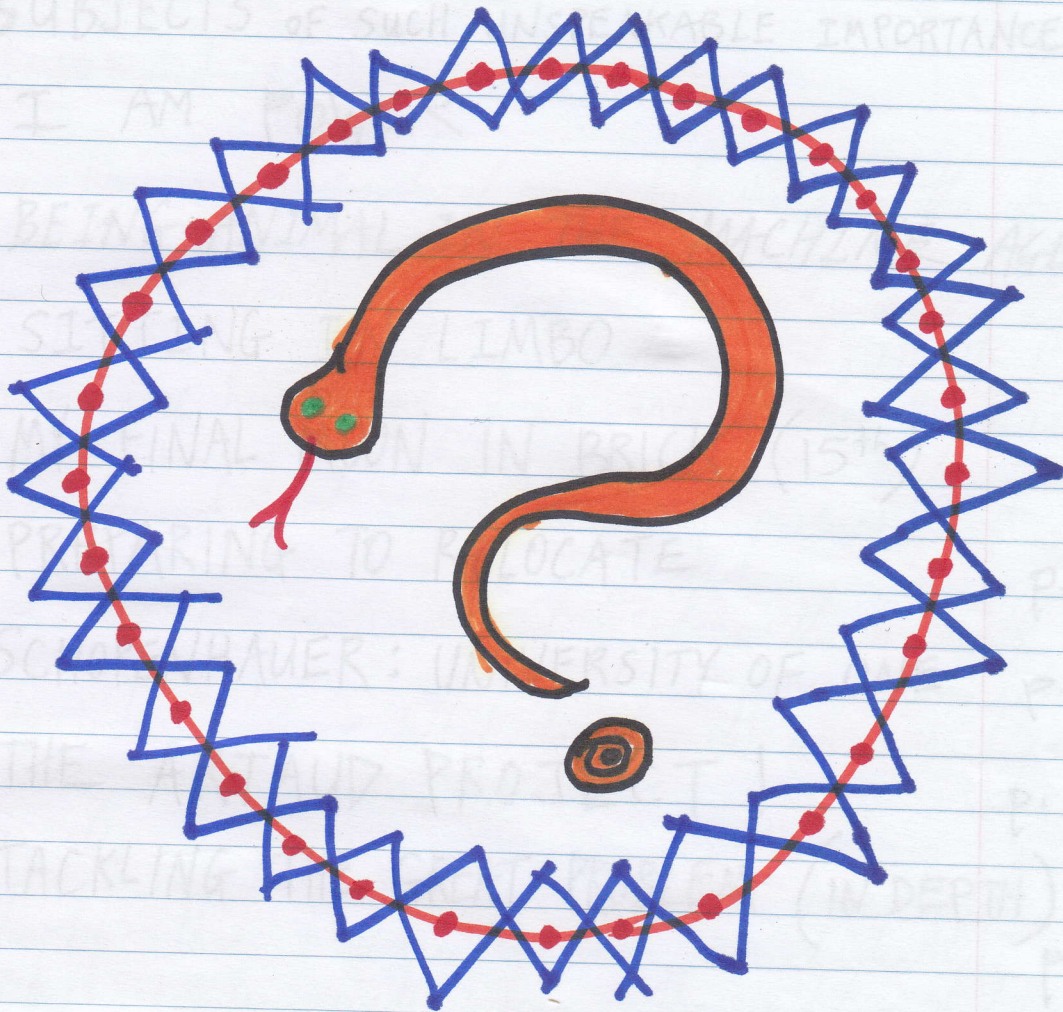
BOOK 4

A Philosophical Autobiography
by Michael William Hentrich

Autumn 2013 / Winter 2014

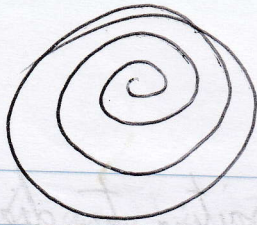
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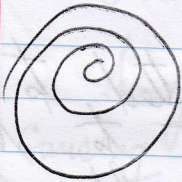
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2014.01.19 Sunday

Humility destroys humiliation.



2014.01.23 Thursday

I got another ticket for loud music. I can't February 3rd, 4PM
I am seriously going to see about relocating out of this area. Where to?

I can't get away from life itself, but I definitely can't stay here as I am once again drawing too much attention to myself.

How does it end?

I feel fear, anxiety, dread. I am afraid of what? Mental collapse... nervous breakdown.

I feel that I am being watched very closely, always under surveillance, talked about, switched on.

I lay in bed FEELING horror. I can't seem to motivate myself... what is worth DOING? HOW DO I ESCAPE THIS?

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The Great Tiredness

2013. 11. 13 Wednesday Night

Does my philosophical mind help me face the abyss alone? Without my mother in my life, I would have no "family" in my actual everyday life. I think that my mother and I both sense just how alone we are in this "civilization". Will writing and philosophy sustain me and empower me throughout this living process?

Are we each destined to face the universe as an orphan, as a nomad, as principium individuationis? What do I seek when reading Franz Kafka's The Castle?

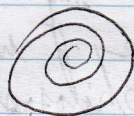
I am attempting to enrich my inner secret life, the life that transcends "social identity", bank accounts, credit ratings, the condition of one's teeth, one's marital status, whether one has reproduced or not, one's "ethnicity" or "gender".

I fill my belly with food and beer awaiting The Great Tiredness to show me that the so-called "real world" is a hallucination that puffs itself up into significance. I have chosen to identify myself as a Thinker, a Philosopher, not as "mentally ill + chemically addicted".

It is quite significant that Thomas Ligotti validates my fascination with Schopenhauer and Cioran in his only philosophical work. Like Kafka, I only want to read "deep" books.

What is my "task"?

Does Kafka's The Castle offer a clue?



2013. 11. 14 Th Could it be that I fell to sleep around 8PM? I awoke around 11PM, looked at clock, went back to sleep, then slept all the way to 3:33 AM. That's 7½ hours — much sleep for me.

So, while, normally when I wake up at such "ungodly hours," I may experience the "morning terrors," since my brain was I able to sleep and dream, and my body able to rest and rejuvenate, I am not feeling overwhelmed.

I reflect upon my "Manifesto" ... the writing about "what actually happened in everyday life."

Is this my "task," my Life's Work?

Why do I have such an interest in Franz Kafka, Hermann Hesse, Fyodor Dostoevsky, Emile Cioran, Arthur Schopenhauer, Virginia Woolf?

Why do so few people know of Schopenhauer or Cioran? There is not one book by or about either of them in the entire Ocean County Library system.

These rotten teeth in this month, do they not save me from vanity and delusion? Would I not succumb to superficial phoriness if I did not have this constant reminder of my "loser status"?

This man is a mad animal. There is the great biography on Kafka by Reiner Stach, circa 2013. There is the definitive edition of Kafka's The Castle which, from the first paragraph, describes a world where one finds oneself at the mercy of authority-worshipping vermin who take morbid delight in seeing one dispossessed and ostracized.

Maybe reading The Castle will give me insight into why Ligotti's My Work Is Not Yet Done is considered Kafkaesque.

Does it help me to embrace my life as brutally authentic when I am able to see so clearly that the handful of literary genijuses I am drawn to created for the few sensitive souls and not for mass entertainment? Does the posting of excerpts from my diaries on the Internet give me some kind of revenge, as proof that my bones have been on fire for a

very long time, as a validation of my secret
inner life?

I have my own "task", and it is much more
akin to Cioran's task than to those who
strive to write novels, or devise systems of
philosophy. While I enjoy novels such as

Toftz's A Fraction of the Whole,
Toole's A Confederacy of Dunces, Salinger's A Catcher
in the Rye and others, I propose that a
basic diary, a series of notebooks
with reflections and commentary do constitute pure
literature. To Hell with the pompous
professors and their pedigree!

When one reaches a point where the unreflective
nature of the masses becomes all-too-clear, doesn't
this liberate one from concern for public opinion?

Presidents may be slaves to public opinion or
stockholders, I am not.

How many live their lives to project images of
themselves? Oh, look, I reported to a job on
time, and you loafed about doing nothing useful.

Or, oh, look at me, I am kneeling in a temple
before the Lord, and you are napping, maybe
even bringing yourself to orgasm
with your own monkey hands.

By 5AM, even as I had already slept from 8PM to 3:30PM [7½ hrs], I was able to curl up under blanket and sleep another three hours until 8AM. Is this a symptom of "depression" or is my body simply responding to the drop in temperature out doors, where I instinctively understand the value of hibernation, rest, sleep, & reading in the sunbeams.

I imagine that, were there a parallel dimension where the essences of Kafka, Cioran, Schopenhauer, [Virginia] Woolf, Hesse, Artaud, Solzhenitsyn, Dostoevsky, [JK] Toole, and others who could be described as "SENSITIVE INTELLECTUALS" observe us - what Hesse calls The Immortals in Steppenwolf - each would encourage me to contemplate, to reflect, to THINK & FEEL, to lay on my stomach in a sunbeam while scribbling ideas and observations or exploring texts.

What is one expected to "do with one's life"? The nerve of Dave Longo, now employed at CVS in Freehold, questioning me as to whether I got a "job" yet, of as if I were a criminal for eluding being used as a tool for a corporation. That my BEING arouses some anger, acrimony, malice, or resentment in those who submit to the corporate mind-fuck may very well be proof of the EFFECTIVENESS of my personal RESISTANCE. To be a contemplative human Being, refusing to follow idiotic norms, is to be a LIVING PROTEST to the mass-industrialized multiplex. I am comfortable reading and thinking in sunbeams.

2013.11.18 Monday Global outrage over climate-change caused by emissions from a way of life dependent on fossil fuels, i.e., automobiles and furnaces... Meanwhile, my voice is shot from singing and shouting yesterday.

Now that all funds have dwindled, I prepare to heal from a long binge, the longest binge I can remember.

I am just so disgusted with the systemic stupidity of my contemporaries. Their stupidity and arrogance is reflected in their lifestyles, and their large vehicles, the corporations they serve.

I may be losing patience with "the masses".

As our industrialized society seems incapable of resisting the systemic stupidity, I am becoming more and more scornful of the hordes who unreflectively conform to the autocracy. My refusal to own a motor vehicle is an organic protest. Living on the fringes as I do, I have great disdain and contempt for those who would ignorantly mock me or chastize me for non-participation, non-compliance, or wrongly think that I would also engage in ostentatious consumption were I to have "the capital".

My literary interests reveal just how marginalized my intelligence is in comparison to mainstream culture. Have I come to appreciate the futility of concerning myself with public opinion?

I spent the entire day (morning and early afternoon) cooking (baking chicken ~~then~~ while cooking chicken soup). Just as I finished it, my mother arranged to pick me up to help her with the application for ~~Home Depot~~ Walmart. It took a long time, and she still has to do the 65 question Pre-employment Assessment.

I set her up to be able to complete that at her leisure tomorrow. She is on the verge of tears. I asked her for \$5 so I could get some brandy. She outright refused. I felt sorry for myself and was slipping into a BROOD.

On the drive home, she stopped at The Christmas Tree Store and let me get a \$10 frying pan just for cooking eggs. It is a hefty pan. I will try to use it just for eggs.

She inquired about a job she applied for there. They already hired a bunch of people, so she obviously felt rejected. She's 72, after all. She is becoming very sad. She tells me I seem to be the only one who cares about her.

While at her domicile, I quickly posted the rest of chapter 9 (of Manifesto v2) and the first entry of chapter 10. I saved all chapters, and while going over chapter 1, I found more typos... So much editing!

All I can do is peck away at this. I still feel compelled to read KAFKA and the latest biography on Kafka.

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Now, this statement is going to sound paranoid and science-fiction-like, but it is too uncanny how, while reading Kafka's The Castle, The Fourth Chapter, I could not keep my mind from placing certain individuals in my daily reality right here in Brück, with the characters of the novel.

It is as though there were a vast conspiracy, where so many are "in on it" ... where I am suspicious of smirks. Again, I must ask, How deep does the rabbit hole go?

There is an "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" feel to this. It's like The Twilight Zone!

Is everyone on some payroll? Is everyone playing some kind of role? Is everyone an actor in a vast conspiracy?

What does "The Castle" represent?

Who does "Frieda" represent? and Klamm?

This bewilderment is related to how the unconventional are often at the mercy of the conventional, how the dull-witted are often loyal servants to unaccountable authority, while the genius is spied upon by those who fear authority. Here is the crux of it: It is all an ILLUSION: hallucinated sense of security.

Total paranoia is perfect awareness. Am I a fly caught in a web? Who is the spider? I guess it doesn't take that much imagination to intuit the dynamics of the general situation. My vulnerable position is clear to me.

I, a NON-CONFORMING REFUSENICK, am at the mercy of CONFORMING snitches, spies, and those who Kafka represents in *The Castle*. K in *The Outsider*, the Stranger, the Steppenwolf, etc. Conformists are rewarded with status, some hallucinations of security, false authority. Non-conformists are dragged through the mud.

So, how does one go about facing down, standing up to, and OUT-THINKING the unreflective and obedient drones? We shall see.



2013.11.20 Wednesday The best revenge: follow Virginia Woolf's advice: read a book in the sunbeams. How is it that Kafka is able to draw attention to the very things that make me think there ~~are~~ ^{are} vast conspiracies going on simultaneously in every town, village, and city in the matrix of the Industrial World? I mean the squints on the faces, the feeling that many have been debriefed concerning "me" - H.

Back to this idea of revenge: to possess the confidence to shun public opinion, to be able to live as a nonconforming dead-beat, to waste one's "gifts" just loafing, daydreaming, not trying to get a job or find a wife...

Nothing need be done. Bad faith is believing one has no choice but to do as one does, believing that one has to run the family farm, the family restaurant, or the even carry on the family "name".

To have the confidence and courage to fail to adapt to stupid norms! My total refusal to try to find a "job" is what enables me to calmly scribble in my notebook this very moment and to continue typing excerpts into my manifesto.

It is very possible that I am up to ~~chapter~~ the final chapter of Volume 2, as I am currently going through H-157 from last autumn. This leaves just Σ H: 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163 } seven more notebooks to go through.

Then I will go through it again to EDIT. I have no intentions of creating a work of fiction. My life has become a living protest against the systematic stupidity of a culture run amok, with ~~the~~ entire populations indoctrinated to 'thank themselves the salt of the earth for having jobs, driving cars, being married, reproducing, et cetera.

I continue to resist being guilted or shamed into submitting to the corporate mind fuck. Like the "Drunken Indians", I am just getting through it, doing my time. I do what I do and see what I can do about it!

Going over notes taken in September 2012 from Ligotti's TCATHR I find a reference to a horror novel The Tenant (TENANT) by Roland Topor (c. 1964) which is very connected to the theme of alienation that Kafka's work resonates with. This very notebook I write in now may be the first to be used for Volume 3 of my own personal manifesto.

The modern world seems to be a sinister place. The other residents in Trekovsky's apartment complex seem to be well-adapted to the Hell they have created for themselves. Anyone who is marked as being outside the group, a stranger to "The Castle," is fair game for those who would assert their reality over all others.

"The bastards!" Trekovsky paged.
 "The bastards! What the hell do they want for everyone to roll over and play dead!"
 Ligotti says that they want everyone to roll over and play them. People arrogate to themselves the authority to make a ruling on who YOU are, and you will stand mute before their bench.

Overcoming this tyranny of public opinion is a great secret source of happiness. It allows one to follow one's bliss without asking permission, to "waste" entire afternoons sleeping, and to listen to music that others may find weird, strange, or creepy.

Why this interest in Kafka? The novel, The Metamorphosis, is clearly ANTI-WORK... These authors, they speak to the outcaste, the dissident, the refusee.

In a society that is obsessed with jobs, careers, social status, what car one drives, credit-ratings, where we are bombarded with propaganda which demonizes the nonconforming deadbeat as a dangerous sociopath, refusing to be influenced by social norms, sitting up in an apartment subsidized by the government reading a biography about Franz Kafka so as to better understand his novel, The Castle, after feasting on scrapple, fried eggs, and potatoes clearly puts me in a league with rebellious intellectuals like Virginia Woolf.

Perhaps I am even more radical in my disdain since, even as I enjoyed A Confederacy of Dunces and A Fraction of the Whole, I have no aspirations about writing a work of fiction.

I don't need to be acknowledged as an artist or a writer/author. I am content to just BE a BEING, to write plainly about how I feel, what I think, what I do on a daily basis.

I avoid adventures. Just helping my mother with her grocery shopping is adventures enough for me. There is this secret, private, inner life which is a source of delight for me. My rich inner life sustains me. Does this make me less manipulable than my less reflective contemporaries?

2013



First note from Kafka: The Years of Insight p. 296 of 682 :

<<< Sartre called this strategy, "Making something out of what you're been made into." To identify deliberately with characteristics that the community regards as ~~strange~~ strange, insane, or antisocial requires a high degree of reflectiveness, which Kafka sought to achieve by linguistic and literary means, as a reader and a writer. This explains his extensive reading while in Zürau and his meditative style in the Zürau notes.

>>>



2013.11.23 Saturday

One Earth, One Mother. Mahdakhgarne! (all my relatives!)

My father is giving my mother \$1000.00 to help her pay off some doctor bills, and I am trying to convince her to purchase two more tires for the front wheels of her car as well as replacing the drive belt — all < \$300.

I was able to get a ride from Mom to the library. I posted LeGoth excerpts into chapter 10 and will add more on Tuesday most likely. If not, I'll just keep pecking away until I return The Castle by Kafka.

Not only did I reread the biography, Kafka: The Years of Insight, but I found a new novel by William Peter Blatty called CRAZY c. 2000. I also found a 40th anniversary edition of The Exorcist (c. 2010) that has new dialogue, a new character, and a chilling new extended scene.



2013. 11.24 Sunday I awaken with images of a day back in 1984 when I was 17. I had gotten a car, was a "junior" in high school (Christian Brothers Academy), my parents had been divorced since 1980, my father (whom had custody of me) had been remarried. His wife had my dog, Baron Von Hentrich, an Old English Sheep Dog, by now about 8 years old, hair ~~had~~ shaven and tied to a tree out behind the house at the edge of the woods.

When Mom was with Dad, prior to 1980, she had pampered ~~spoiled~~ my dog, leaving him in the house with fan, lots of water, even ice-cubes. She even left classical music on for the dog when she left the house.

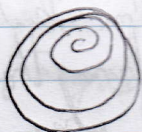
Now, with Dad's second wife, my dog was without water and tied to a tree.

One day, this I'm thinking about this morning, I was unleashing him from the tree so as to I put his walking leash on, when suddenly, he bolted down the trail and into the creek. He was gulping the water from the creek. He was so thirsty I we, myself included, were not consistent in filling his bowl with water. At age 17 with a car, all my attention was going into the car and this new sense of freedom. I was neglecting my dog, who had been my life long companion.

For reasons I don't know, I ran after the dog and began beating him with the leash. I still don't know why. Well, I've never seen this good natured animal get angry, but when he turned to me snapping and growling, I realized in

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that instant ~~a great~~ in the dynamics of this situation. I broke down crying, and hugged the dog sobbing. I then brought him back into the house and pampered him with ice cubes and classical music. He died that year.

This is on my mind this morning. I never wrote about before. Now it is done. It actually produced tears while I wrote it.



2013.11.26 Tuesday I helped my Mom pick up the turkey and some other groceries locally last night, and ended up staying overnight at her domicile. I was able to store many posts from isis.phpbb3now.com on my flashdrive and transfer to harddrive on Tommy - the big clunker in the apartment.

I renamed my website, THE SHEEP LOOK UP, keeping the site description the same:

What next? Now you go insane. Now our species goes extinct in great epidemics of madness.

"It ~~as~~ amuses me," said, K, "only because it gives me some insight into the ridiculous tangle that may under certain circumstances determine a person's life."

Because of K's boldness and courage in confronting "The Castle" other people are afraid of him!



2013.11.28 Thursday It doesn't get any better than this: After 1 PM the turkey is in the oven stuffed with sausage, garlic flavored onion, celery, apple, and onion. Yams in brown sugar cooked ... some apple pie (cooked last night). Now we wait a few hours before we FEAST. It's just Mom and I as usual, and we are content sitting or laying in comfort reading our literature, her with a light novel, me with the heavy Kafka - The Castle.

While so many travel great distances to sit with KIN or lonely in a corner or outside smoking a cigarette pounding down beers in the cold, Mom, me, and her cat find our bliss prepared to share this meal only with one who truly cares for us.

What will make this visit different than our usual visits is that we will watch a couple films together after the meal, one being DEAD POETS' SOCIETY.

Subjects of Such Unspeakable Importance

2013.11.29 Friday Several days spent with my mother with no drama helped me to solidify our bond even more. Presently I sit with $\frac{1}{2}$ Turkey carcass in water, spices, onions, carrots, cauliflower, and garlic. Somehow, even as Mom and I worked well together preparing yesterday's meal, where I even helped clean pans and dishes, I helped her with legal documents and applying for a job at Wegmans, there was a slight miscommunication at the Thrift Store just before we got to my apartment at which I took offense.

Mom had offered to get me something at the Thrift Store as a gesture of thanking me for my help. When we were checking out, she was not charged for it, and, I, assuming it was paid for, was walking out with it under my arm. The elderly French pat there eye-balling me, "What about that over his arm?"

I felt Mom was purposely demagoguing me and playing innocent to boot. She forced me to demand she break out \$5 and pay for the heavy bathrobe. I accused her of purposely putting me in an awkward position. The woman who I called us out on this made some snide remark and gave me a conorted look of contempt. I may have shot her an evil eye. Perhaps I have enemies among the frustrated vaginas of Brick with their drone sons and Christian piety.

This makes me reflect upon the words of Kesheyanakwan (Art Solomon): "Women have had the biggest share in enslaving not only themselves but their men and children; & the majority of them don't do any serious thinking. Yes, the women have let us down & and they have no right to believe that it was men alone who got them into the slavery that they are now in because it never could have happened without the passive and the active participation of the women themselves."

Is Art suggesting that women who are wired to seek security are part of the problem? Maybe there are countless women who are also reluctant to pair-bond for similar reasons, that they don't want to conform to idiotic norms or play some pre-defined role. It's a complicated matter.

We are repulsed by the idea of domestication, structure, conforming to norms, being coralled, and yet we still experience primordial impulses for bonding, for encountering a "life-partner" --- Hesse and Kafka & and many others have discovered they were not able to play the domesticated role for long. Short periods of pair-bonding, yes, alone in the end.

Maybe we have been programmed to entertain false beliefs about security, where a career or

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"owning a home" or "bonding with a 'soulmate'" will save us from our existential despair. There is something to be said for developing the capacity to "befriend one's own soul" - in other words, while I am unable to prevent myself from attractions and chemical reactions (ANIMAL MAGNETISM), such encounters will not necessarily trap me into a role in society I am repulsed by. There has to be a way to dis-associate sexual and emotional intimacy from conforming to "industrial productivity".

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Again, I am sure this transcends gender. It may have to do with how ideas about "cultural norms" are imprinted on us by the dominant culture. When we encounter another Being on an intimate level, there may be some kind of profound disharmony between worldviews. To be blunt, some of us are "hard to handle," some of us melt minds. This threatens to shatter belief structures and change lives.

Hell, I'm as baffled as anyone else.

It's still some fascinating stuff to think about.





2013.11.30 Saturday Automatic Writing sessions? What's the point?

Could it be that I have stumbled upon the ideal lifestyle for an interstellar wanderer? As an individual entity, life form, specimen, creature, I consider myself somewhat unique.

As for the opinions of others, this is no concern of mine. I have been an exceptional student of Arthur Schopenhauer. I am a University of One. I have granted myself a doctorate in philosophy from The University of Michael William Hentrich.

Schopenhauer's words echo in my mind: "Only when in solitude can one truly be oneself."

A lifetime of deep contemplation and honest reflection has its rewards. Having no fear of public opinion liberates me from mass-social control. I am virtually immune to the mass hypnosis of those who wish to turn everyone into unreflective zombies.

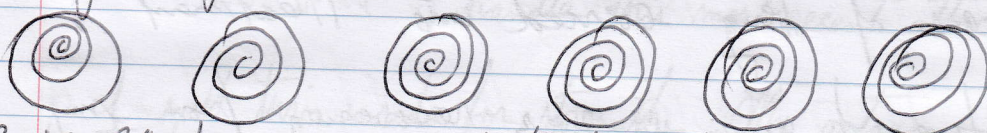
In my own private university of one, "we" are very enthusiastic about literature. Presently we are focused on Franz Kafka, namely, The Castle. It sheds light on the absurd nature of bureaucracies, petty politics, and alienation. Our family instinctively rejects the consumerist norms of chasing the latest gadgets.

Last winter my sole gift was a pair of good boots — as well as being granted residence at Kentwood Village Apartments. Janice... sweet, friendly, warm, welcoming me as though I were her long lost soul brother!

phenomena. We are indigenous to the earth. We did not fall from the stars. All our ancestors were once tribal hunter/gatherers.

It is better for an idea to destroy a society, than for a society to destroy an idea.

2013.12.02 Monday <<< I am the protagonist-in-the-flesh of my living anti-novel. >>>



2013.12.06 Sunday Yesterday I was arrested for having music on too loud in my apartment. I spent nearly 24 hours at the hospital. I was almost not released. It is creepy how much authority psychiatrists are granted.

I am feeling sad. Without a telephone, I can't let my mother know my whereabouts. It is what it is.

I am in the mood to read Chuck Palahniuk's Invisible Monsters Remix, drink Rum, and soak in the tub. Witnessing how easily one is incarcerated in a hospital (COMMITTED) shows me just how relentlessly I have been dodging the sad.

Finding it difficult to get into either Blatty's CRAZY or Palahnuik's Invisible Monsters Remix, I nurse some rum and remain on my own side. Psychiatrists are the enemy - the other side. The police and psychiatrists are not my friends. They do not care for me!

I am a chronic masturbator. I repent those who call the police on me for "bad music"! How the conventional just love to have the unconventional at their mercy! I'm sick of being harassed. The enemy wants to break my spirit.

How shall I handle this most recent attack?

I will turn inside for strength. My antagonism is a natural consequence of being well-read. There will be a spiritual battle.



2013.12.09 Monday

Trifling details: spilled pea soup on toes of right foot - serious burn. Feel shitty, sinking into depression. Life is teaching me not to want it. Aches, pains, chills. Cold rains outside. I don't want to walk to the library in the rain. I don't want to wait for a bus in the rain. I don't feel like going for groceries in the cold rain. I could do laundry and clean dishes. Living is drudgery.

It amazes me how much authority medical psychiatrists have and how little protection an individual has when it comes to defending oneself against authority worshipping ass-lickers.

DEGENERATES-IN-CHARGE!

Am I going to contact this family health center or am I going to be outright DEFIANT?

We live in a police state. Psychiatrists and other "mental health professionals" attempt to TAME, CONTROL, and enforce NORMS.

LOUD MUSIC is all it takes to have the gestapo at the door. Science fiction?

Will I be able to get The Manifesto of A Mad Animal, Volume 2 up to the present early in 2014?

Could it be that I am insane?

Am I a madman?

This foul taste in my mouth... creeping death?
My deceased Great Grandmother? I spit there
a kind of relief to come to the conclusion that
I don't give a fuck about the opinion of
some overweight medical psychiatrist who
thinks she is Power? People want me
to roll over and play them!

I prefer my own automatic writing to reading some damn novel. I want to write Forbidden Thoughts, Blasphemy... I remember writing morbid poems back in 1988 at Wharton Tract Unit - a satellite of the prison: Yardville. I was sent for a psychiatric evaluation because my poems alarmed the guards and counselors. I'm an infamous lunatic... I put authority the wrong way sometimes.

Who wants to be Nietzsche or Dostoevsky?

The fuckers are closing in on me again, spying on me, taking my vital signs, poking me with a stick!

No, I don't want to contact a "treatment center". I was planning on doing laundry and bringing myself to an orgasm. Now what? I have to be worried about some genie cop showing up at my door issuing me a \$100 summons just for having loud music on while I was plastered?

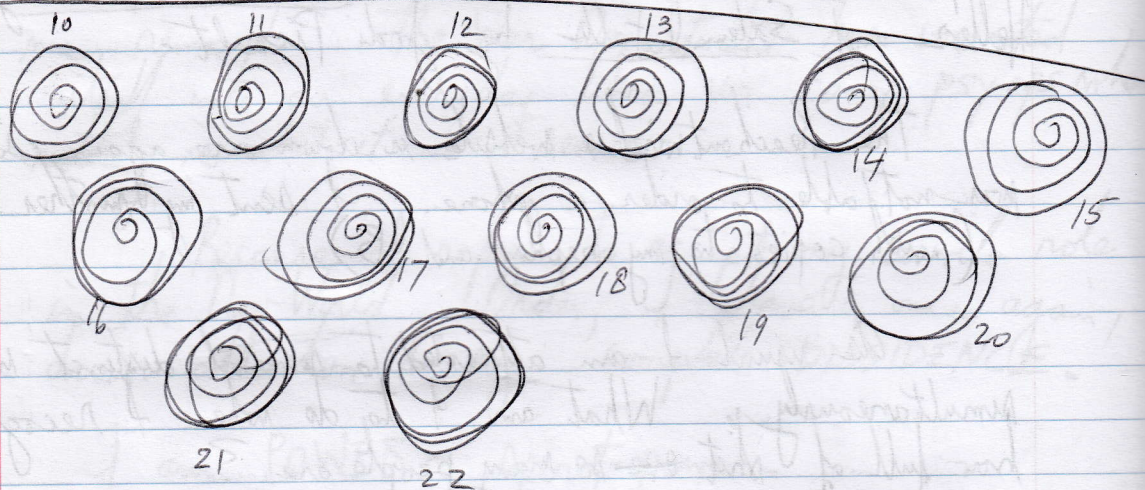
I demand mental liberation!
I refuse to be TAMED and neuroticized.

A forty ounce 211 Steel Reserve helps me overcome the inhibitions that silence, the well-behaved depress who have become acclimated to draconian rules. What is my IDENTITY?

PE

Σ 3 Σ

✓ Am Power



2013. 12. 23 Monday Too much to report. Very tired.



2013. 12. 24 Tuesday

Shall I report to the future the trivial & details of my daily existence? Many would argue "No," and while I may agree, opting to convey a general attitude or "STANCE," I may note here some names of personalities that my animal Being "bonded" with at the Behavioral Healthcare Treatment Center, an observatory staffed by mostly kind but robotic authority-worshipping clones of Gortistan. They are all too willing to follow orders, instructions, schedules, grids, and commands from on high. They believe in STABILITY.

They criticize TOBACCO while they pollute the atmosphere with their fucking proxy automobiles, their govtmobiles. I forgive them for they are blind, arrogant, and REDUNDANT, i.e., corporate drones.

They support "troops", wave "flags", rely on "homeland security." I am Natural Power!

They want me to play them, to submit to schedules and jobs, the New World Order... They threaten with continued illegal imprisonment; psychiatric "treatment"; engagement. Think while you can! Speak while you are able to! Write while you still have fingers to write with!

There's fire in my BONES! The ROCKS are going to shout about it.

Ø

Remember Angie, Dave, Arthur, Erik, Steve B, William, the girl with the far away eyes, and Joe... Not all the "inmates" / "patients" / "clients" / what one could call psychic prisoners were CHARACTERS, but most seemed to strongly resent the mighty OZ, the pretentious tyrant called "THE DOCTOR".

Remember Tracy. Remember the young woman bound to a chair... Remember Ashley and Justin... REMEMBER ME.

Now I rise between 2AM and 3AM, no longer a prisoner
on the psychiatric plantation farm, the pharmp farm,
where those employed, to impose order on
chaos actually did show me a certain respect.
Still I have little faith in their love.

~~But~~ Although I have these doubts, may I
to be at their mercy, even if they are
kind and compassionate, I might I prefer
NON-EXISTENCE.

My god, there were several beautiful women who
were nurses or therapists, most of all,
Nicole as well as my personal "social worker."

They suggest. They cannot enforce. So be it.

They suggest "medication", outpatient treatment,
some sort of "support groups"; that is,
they suggest DEPENDENCY ON their professions.

Mental Illness is a PRODUCT sold ~~on~~ to the
masses ... right? People want you to roll
over and play them. I AM A SUPER-
GENIUS & FREAK. My diplomatic, ambassador-
like ability to interact with many diverse peoples
and species may suggest the presence of
what the Natural World Peoples called SHAMAN
or WITCH. Am I the Presence of the Earth ITSELF?

While I would like to continue typing up my MANIFESTO while having access to the Internet, I would also like to at least begin reading one of the 25+ books I purchased from the library: Notes On A Scandal by Zöe Heller.

I have yet to check mail, talk to management of apartment, speak to nephew, pick up some kind of winter long jacket (in lie of Carharts or in combination with).

This morning I had \$179 in my account. When does this happen? At the 24th of the month? I never did go grocery shopping this month except for eggs, bread, and milk. Strange month.

I patiently waited from caller #68 to 1 at 877-870-9444 (reachout wireless) and ordered a \$30 phone. [149]

At Big Lots I purchased mom a couple DVDs, and, for myself, a mustache trimmer, headphones, and some corn beef hash. [109]

I then went for a genuine little Swiss Army knife to replace the one confiscated at the hospital. I got some attach-chips to attach keys, knife, and wallet to pants. [89]

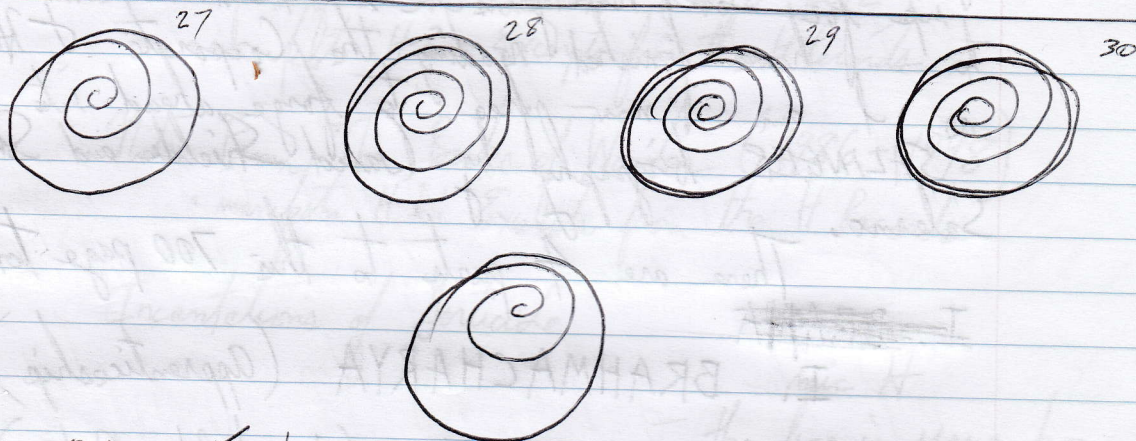
Last but not least, I got a \$85 Walls Coveralls (Black) at 25% off for \$64! [\$13 balance on Christmas Eve]

I would not have been able to do this if I hadn't been involuntarily committed to the psychiatric HOSPITAL.

I have settled on a ~~new~~ description for the site as of 2013.12.26:

crazy Truth

The traps here will be those of humor: to take one's leave of this site and slam the door shut. We lead each other to believe it is all fun and games, when something essential is taking place, something of extreme seriousness: We question what we will!



2013.12.31 Tuesday

Saturday Mom spontaneously drove me to the library as she sympathized with my injured leg. A copy of Thomas Ligotti's *My Work Is Not of Yet* was waiting for me! That pretty librarian, the one with the long curly black hair and brown eyes, found a copy in Westlake, Ohio. I am nearly finished reading it aloud onto my digital voice recorder. This exercise helps to overcome the

oppressive silence of this apartment complex.

Another surprise is a huge biography on Salinger, mysterious author of The Catcher in the Rye. The biography is circa 2013. I will most likely review it a couple times, holding it into February.

Voice recording of "Hentrich Reading Ligotti: My Work is Not Yet Done" I completed before. The Mother picked me up for Sabar New Year's Eve. I am seriously thrilled to have finished reading the Corporate & Horror novel as I am now free to forge ahead into the SALINGER biography by David Shields and Shane Salerno.

There are 4 parts to this 700 page tome:

~~I. BRAHMA~~

I. BRAHMACHARYA (Apprenticeship)

II. GARHASTHYA (Householder Duties)

III. VANAPRASTHYA (Withdrawal From Society)

IV. SANNYASA (Renunciation of the World)

I mentioned this book to T...



A comedy of errors! From 9AM to 1PM just to talk to the prosecutor, and then I waited to pay my fine before standing before the judge. Evidently the judge called my name while I was waiting in the hall to pay the fine. I now have to return to the court tomorrow. Maybe I will do some typing of my scribbles tonight so as to upload at the library tomorrow after court.

There were two very special events which helped to balance the feelings of utter futility:

(1) While looking for a copy of Ken Kesey's One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest and discovering that not only was it out but also on hold by yet another patron, I went looking for anything by Kesey. I "discovered" his second novel, which I never heard of before (shockingly): Sometimes A Great Notion. It's over 700 pages.

In the introduction, Charles Bowden recalls a monster statement made by Kesey (advice to writers).

Basically, he says you're going to see God one day, and your job is to say, "Fuck you, God, fuck you and the Old Testament you rode in on, fuck you."

"The job of the writer is to kiss no ass, no matter how big and holy and white and tempting and powerful. The job is to always be exposing God as the crook, as the sleaze ball."

- (2) After my mother finally picked me up from the library after 4PM, we went to Charlie Brown's for the steak and salad bar. I gorged on the spinach. Mom loves to watch me wolf down raw spinach. It was just beautiful. I want to go there and treat her to the salad bar next time. We are family. We are like best friends.

As for tomorrow and returning to court. I will be helping my mother with her grocery shopping, and she will drop me off at the courthouse. There really will be no need for me to go to the library unless I just wanted to look at book-reading (literate) women. Am I "Henry Fool"?

I will bring the Salinger biography to court and read it in the courtroom, not out loud, of course. The sooner I read ~~the~~ through the Salinger biography, the sooner I can dig deep into Kesey's Sometimes A Great Notion.

"Number Six" from the U.K. is trying to recruit some kindred spirits from reddit.com. There is a great deal of frustration among the youth about the dismal economy and the purposelessness of seeking employment.

This will help me to
NOT be irritated.

A full day → helping The Mother at Wegman's (9AM - 2PM)
 + Tipterlude at Mom's posting on Internet (2-3)
 + hectic drive to Court House with Mom
 + sitting in court from 4PM to 7PM.

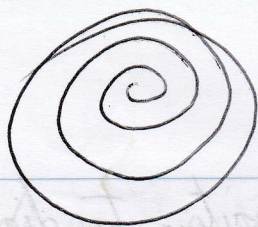
I was able to get a bit of reading done at the courthouse, getting up to page 260 of 700, 8 pages. I made it into the best section so far: Part 1 chapter 10 Is The Kid In This Book Crazy? Now I am kind of psyched as this section reveals the autobiographical nature of Catcher In The Rye.

Holden Caulfield is the Malcolm X of white suburban boys.

I'm enjoying the text, at this point (Is the kid in this book crazy) so much that I am content to sit reading it rather than to ~~singing~~ to music.

I paid \$70 of \$139 fines for loud music. Next month I will mail in \$69.

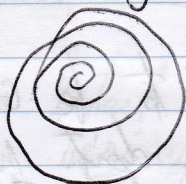
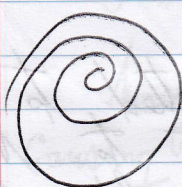
Literature seems to have taken precedence even over music this evening. Even as I am genuinely enchanted with the prospect of reading Ken Kesey's novel, Sometimes A Great Notion, and am a little intrigued with H.G. Wells's The Invisible Man, the Salinger biography, circa 2013, is has really got my attention, even more so than the new Kafka biography I just read. How fortunate I feel to possess this inner dimension to my existence!



61

2014.01.19 Sunday

Humility destroys humiliation.



2014.01.23 Thursday I got another ticket for loud music. I can't February 3rd, 4PM.
I am seriously going to see about relocating out of this area. Where to?

I can't get away from life itself, but I definitely can't stay here as I am once again drawing too much attention to myself.

How does it end?

I feel fear, anxiety, dread. I am afraid of what? Mental collapse... nervous breakdown.

I feel that I am being watched very closely, always under surveillance, talked about, switched on.

I lay in bed FEELING horror. I can't seem to motivate myself... what is worth DOING? HOW DO I ESCAPE THIS?

Am I simply waiting to die? Yes, this is why I am so drawn to the philosophers Schopenhauer and Cioran. I have been quite vocal about my displeasure with existence.

I don't want to be committed to a mental hospital. I don't want to be institutionalized. I hate this world of cars and jobs and apartment complexes.

I don't have to like this life.

I pace around my apartment like a caged animal - more like ~~a~~ a creature in hiding. I am afraid of being apprehended by police and strapped down in an ambulance for not complying with the forced psychiatric regime.

I am surely FIGHTING a battle here.

I am not free to be myself. Am I a victim of my own consciousness?

There is this disgust with my rotting flesh.

Am I losing my will to live?
I think so. I don't think I am going to make it. Where can I relocate to?
Who will allow me to be a tenant with this reputation I have for BEING SO LOUD? Am I being SUICIDED BY SOCIETY?

I may just hide away in the apartment this morning... Maybe I will try to read in bed. I don't see the point in doing anything at all. There is a great emptiness within me. This is my reality.

Surely this latest ticket for loud music is causing me serious depression. This trouble I will motivate me to find somewhere else to live. The question is where. Also, I seem to have trouble wherever I reside due to my behavior.

I am controversial. I am condemned as a dead beat, drunken madman. My stomach growls but I do not eat. I don't want to drink coffee. There are about 5 beers in the fridge. I am HENRY FOOL.

Living on the dole allows me to live this lifestyle of the winning philosopher: "retired" since 1998 (age 31) and on the dole since 2005... BLESSED by the state and cursed by many haters.

My total rejection of mainstream society has alienated me. Am I a parasite?
Does life itself have any purpose?
Today I am afraid. I fear being
I committed to forced psychiatric "treatment"!

All I seem to be able to "handle" right now is to sit in the sunbeams. This has to be clinical depression. Problems with neighbors and police may be a leading cause of suicide. How shall I overcome these feelings of anxiety and dread? Laying in bed?



2014.01.24 Friday Laying down quietly for many hours I was able to reduce my anxiety. Most of the night I was not sleeping, my thoughts were racing, holed up like some kind of pod. With arctic temperatures, I will be assisting my mother with her grocery shopping today.

One survival issue at a time.

I find garden apartment complex living oppressive where my "behavior" is under constant surveillance. The trouble I get into for loud music is a consequence of my rebellious and defiant spirit. I merely have to roll with the punches. Defy the fear!

I may seriously consider less self-destructive ways to rebel than poisoning myself with alcohol. Laying in bed reading would be great revenge.

Ø

I would like to track down a copy of Roland Topor's The Tenant c. 1967 to strengthen my mind against real and imagined conspiratorial adversities...

claustrophobic apartment settings ... to be mercilessly scrutinized by his neighbors ... afraid to make the slightest sound.

The protagonist, Tralkovsky, is slowly losing his mind in his attempts not to disturb society's codes, minimizing the impact his life has on reality.

Literature is one of my main sources of stimulation. I am currently reading the 700 page second novel of Ken Kesey, Sometimes A Great Notion. I renewed it so it is not due until 2/14. I also purchased an anthology of H.P. Lovecraft stories.

Still, I want to find a copy of The Tenant since I am continuously experiencing similar situations.

Ø

I am spending the night over at Mom's after helping her stock up on groceries. While here I got a call from Tina on my cell phone. She is moving from her apartment and wants me to help her. It could take a couple days. I am glad I've rested up. Tina is an attractive woman from INDIA.

2014.01.25 Saturday



Once again, a full day plus overnight at my mother's domicile was enough to heal my tired psyche. I return to the apartment and leave a message for Tina, a woman I very well may be smitten by, bewitched by her charm and physical beauty. As mentioned, she needs help moving from her apartment this weekend.

Bitter cold outdoors. I am committed but she does not answer the phone. I will shower, soak in hot water, and put clean clothes on. Do I wait for her phone call or just walk to the store at around 2:30 PM after filling my animal body with Pasta Fazool?

What is my motivation for helping her?

Is it romance or tobacco?

What would I be doing this weekend otherwise but for reading the Keset novel?

Hiding in a heated apartment reading a book under blankets or attempting to win the affections of a damsel in distress?

Maybe she found others to help her, others who I may be less apt to fall in love with her...

It's nearly 2PM, and no call from Tina yet. I plan on walking down to her store soon, but first I want to go over some ideas about my current situation and how it reminds me of Roland Topor's The Tenant.

Like the book's protagonist I am also an extremist nonconformist. Trunkovsky is a peeper of a new apartment, a strenuous task because he is on the cusp of being evicted out of his old one.

As he moves into the new apartment, he is expected to behave in a manner that is in very strict accordance with the rules of the "apartment," which is no noise, women, pets, parties or people, just him accompanied by his guilty conscience and a deafening silence.

As he bends the rules just a tad bit, odd and ^{un}explainable trouble comes along his path. The acts of harassment are palpable, yet the committers of them are unseen and unheard, for they are stealthy and almost invisible. The odd happenings seem to be signals from the tenants - peer pressure - to make him correspond to their way of life.

Invite a friend, or a partner over: that's it, you're finished. The landlord (or police) bangs on your door: what kind of an establishment do you think this is?

A party? Are you INSANE? Off with
your head.

Here is what you can do in your bode of respite:
respirate. Nothing else. Movements must
be controlled. Put your slippers on.

Get the picture? Would you go crazy?

Can you blame ~~Trelkavsky~~ for going crazy?

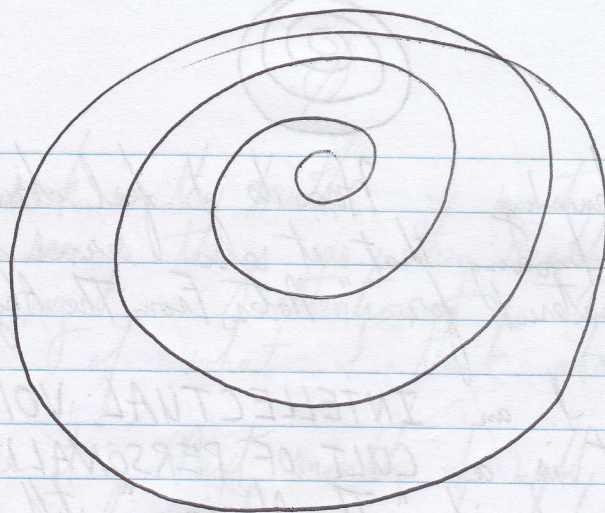
Trelkavsky
He goes insane on a spectacular, no holds
barred, fireworks at dusk, aim for
the jugular vein fashion.

Tina calls and Mission Mike runs.

Run, Mikey, run.



2014.01.26. Sunday I am to call T Monday around
10AM or so. She will pick me up here
at Victorian Gardens. I will carry her
Kitchen supplies to her next apartment. I was
able to communicate to her that I am not
looking for a wife or a business associate, but do
want a sweetheart, i.e., "special friend."



From 2014.01.31 to 2014.02.15 after noon;

Σ 01.31, 02.01, 02.02, 02.03, 02.04, 02.05, 02.06 } → Emergency Ward 4

Σ 02.07, 02.08, 02.09, 02.10, 02.11, 02.12, 02.13, 02.14, 02.15 } Barnabaz

Σ 02.15, 02.16, 02.17 } → Free to grocery shop, pay bills, pay rent, pay fines, do laundry
Sat Sun Mon
♡ spent day with Tina ♡

Σ 02.17, 02.18, 02.19 } → Back in Emergency Ward after smashing mirror
7 YEARS BAD LUCK

Σ 02.20, 02.21, 02.22, 02.23, 02.24, 02.25, 02.26 }
7 days + 3 days = 10 days; 10d + 15d = 25 days total

2014.01.28 Tuesday Yesterday I waited all day - until 2PM - before Tina contacted me to postpone needing my help. She told me to "pay attention" as she would need me early the next day (today). It is 2PM and she still hasn't contacted me. I read all morning and tidied up the apartment. Arctic weather outdoors, so I napped a couple hours with the phone next to the mattress. I awaken disillusioned - romantic feelings subsided. Mind clear.

Moving right along with the 715 page Kossy novel...

It's not so bad being such an extremist nonconformist. It's not so bad to I have lost interest in the Internet, to have no interest whatsoever in television or Hollywood or Organized spectator sports.

I open up a letter offering me Blast!® Plus from XFINITY cable company. It tells me:

"Today you need faster Internet speed more than ever before. So you can watch HD movies online, video chat on your smartphone, play games with your friends across the country, share videos with faraway relatives and much more."

"Watch some of the most popular channels on TV - including HBO"

I, of course, discard the letter into the trash basket.

Sitting In Limbo

Having gone through all my notebooks, and at a point where I can get I into some books I own, the distance to the library is less of an issue now. Maybe these fines I for loud music may be enough to motivate me to keep myself from "wiling out" in the apartment. It is difficult for me to just find an apartment. I may have resolved myself to enduring the deafening silence. I surely have resolved myself to living the life of a reclusive hermit on government relief. This is my life. As long as I am not coerced into any day I programs or outpatient psychiatric care, I will continue to try to "stay off the radar." I would strongly resist being made into fodder for the corrupt mental health industry.

I am The Outsider, the one who refuses to submit to denigrating authority, opting to live as a scavenger and scamp.

It is my secret inner life which sustains me. Is love, fun, and laughter necessary? I often have fun by myself, often laugh by myself. What about love?

It is no wonder I identify so much with the character, Raskolnikov from Dostoevsky's Crime & Punishment. I have become that "former student" living on government relief.

How do I manage to keep my mind together?

I literally sit around and think all day and all night.

I do not seek refuge outside myself, but have developed the capacity to endure long periods of isolation. ~~At age~~ I exist as though I were an 80 year old elder before I have reached age 50.

Today I actually feel content. There is really nothing to be had in this world. Getting into heavy literature and music is about as good as it gets. I try not to become overwhelmed. Today I hide away in the apartment - recluse par excellence. When I reflect upon the swamp of misery others of my species are drowning in, I can't help but feel I'm blessed.

There is a deeper perspective available to me that would enable me to be very proud of myself for having the confidence to shun social status, to learn to be "the loser." Being the loser, I am victorious.

I have been given until the end of March to vacate 31 Rocky Mountain Court. It's time to move. I will have to remain focused on getting a van to move stuff into storage and try porting back to Minnith County.

Also, my website at isis.phpbb3now.com has been hacked or something. isis.phpbb3now.com gets redirected to tau.purifying.info. Who has done this? isis.phpbb3now.com is dead in the water.

I will be forced to focus on xhentric.wordpress.com.

Notice on page 80 where I go through where I was in February. On both occasions, I had spent the day with Tina, most likely becoming sexually frustrated, then drinking booze in the evening, going out, and getting dragged to the Emergency Ward, catching two more LOUD NOISE fires.

Isn't this what set me off in Freehold in 2004 - unrequited love towards Nati?

Even as early as 1995 with Frances Soto! My obsession with Shalonda in 2006-7 ~~with~~ in Matawan? Regardless, I was with Tina on the 31st of January and the 17th of February.

29
Do I know who I am? Do I really, really know who I am?

A critical passage in Topor's The Tenant begins with the following sentence: "At what precise moment Trelovsky asked himself, 'does an individual cease to be the person he - and everyone else - believes him to be?'"

I am an OUTSIDER here at Victorian Gardens in Brick because I do not submit to the norms: job, car, structured existence. Therefore, I am persecuted: fines, forced admission to hospital when acting up.

This is a sinister place. There are other tenants who would have me banished for not conforming. I will be banished as of March 31st. Then who will they spy on next?

By ostracizing me, my persecutors can maintain their own delusional status as "somebodies" real persons who are well-adapted to the hell they have created for themselves.

Maybe I will be able to really live in the moment this entire month as I will experience the loss of KEYS to residence once again.

2014.03.02 Sunday "Conform to the dictates of civilization or die."

Who enforces "civilized morality"?

Notice the patterns since I began receiving rental assistance in 2005? Neighbors enforce the dictates... public opinion! Conform to wage slavery or be perceived by the general public as a dead beat social parasite.

"There is much fear that lies at the origin of civilization."

"There is much fear that lies at the bottom of becoming a civilized adult."

"Modern people no longer hear their own primal voice."

My own primal voice tells me there is nothing for me here in Brick. If I had not sabotaged myself via loud music, all that waits for me at Victorian Gardens is a white van dragging me to an Outpatient Treatment center five days per week: science-fiction horror... cosmic horror!

I want to be able to follow my bliss. The managers of this New World Order want me corralled into "treatment" where I would be bombarded with denigrating pressure to conform to the status quo. This disrupts the free flow of ideas. I continue to protect my spirit. I see what Brick is. I see what

"Central State"
 &
 "Court House"

"County Jail"

"Park Place" 99

Freehold has become. I see what Asbury Park is.
 I have experienced Matawan and CPC Behavioral
 Healthcare. I have experienced Ocean Grove where
 a van comes all the way from Aberdeen through
 Red Bank and Asbury Park to collect its
 so-called "clients" of BEHAVIORAL HEALTHCARE.

Where to next? No more Tent City!

If it came to homelessness with no
 rental assistance, I would go to Freehold, buy
 a ~~one man~~ small tent and a tarp, and
 plant my bed somewhere in the woods and fields
 of my childhood...

"Whatever is left of tribal consciousness is trying to penetrate
 into consciousness" in the here & now.

REPRESSED
 UNCONSCIOUS

"There is a constant bombardment of lies and distortions
 from the representatives of civilization. They put an
 incredible amount of energy, (and money) into
 controlling people's ideas."

It takes inner resolve and courage to go against
 civilization. One must not be intimidated
 when standing alone against SOCIETY as a whole.

My living animal body is a living protest against
 the social apparatus which presumes
 to be "in control".

All this moving from one place to another is rather reminiscent of ancient days, when the poet influenced the population more than the king. It has also helped me develop a NOMADIC SPIRIT, where I don't settle in one place for too long... a drifter. I drift through, eluding traps. I swim out of nets. I get ~~dejected~~ ejected from spider's webs.

I am commanded to vacate, to escape.

It is all-too-clear that I am not suited for an apartment complex such as the one I am in. I did not fit in too well on Marcy Street either. In Asbury Park I was coerced into the Park Place day program. In Matavan and Ocean Grove it was CPC Behavioral Health care.

I see where I would be corralled were I to stay in Brick: 12 step meetings, outpatient treatment.

What kind of a science-fiction horror are we caught in?

I will embrace today as a day to read the final novel I will borrow from Ocean County.

When I get hungry, I will eat chicken soup -

MY ANIMAL BODY is HEALING in blessed RENEWAL.

It is uncanny how interconnected things are, even when it comes to literature. Now that I am fully aware of just how obscure my literary interests are, in comparison with the "positive psychology" and "widespread" "support group" phenomenon in the mental health industry, combined with the loss of access to my own personal message board on the Internet, I have less and less need of the Internet and libraries in general. I am free to delve into evermore remote and obscure areas of study.

There is no need to "reach out to the masses".

I behold this apartment complex and understand what "creeps me out" about it. What the hell do people do in here but respirate?

Even though the kitchen and bathroom are great, and even though the windows catch the sunbeams, there is an annoying sense of being listened to or spied upon.

There is also the very real anxiety of being TRAPPED. I am not at all upset about leaving here, especially as I may count on my mother to take me in as long as I do not return to drinking alcohol. I am banking on The Tenant to give me insight into what irks me about GORTS.

2014.03.03 Monday

Very detailed dream recall where I am in some kind of futuristic institution. BR is there. I am showing him ideas I have about Mammom and those who serve it. I recall that Victorio Perez had told me that only 1 out of 1000 people are aware of the things I am.

With much snow coming down this morning, schools, libraries, courts, etc, will be shut & down, therefore I will not be making it to the library or Brick Housing Authority. Just as well. I have to give the mail a chance to get to BHA with my documentation of intentions not to reside at 31 Rocky Mountain Ct in Brick come April.

There is mutual displeasure: certain neighbors demand I vacate or else they refuse to renew their lease, and I ~~will~~ do not want to be living in a place with so many invisible enemies surrounding me. I don't appreciate "maintenance superintendents" who open my door for police to subvert me. This apartment has become a trap where my every action is under scrutiny, where neighbors report actual words I record or play back, where my recorder with recordings may actually have been confiscated by local Brick police.

Being the longest pail, I get the hammer. I don't feel safe here with all this surveillance. There has to be a better place, I hate it 70.

The Real Situation

Ø

When unemployment grows, Wall Street cheers.

Why do masses of people put up with the status quo?

Reinforced by the cumulative sense of powerlessness that an "atomized" existence usually engenders, a false consciousness benefits the ruling classes.

Economics is political - not real. It is all manipulative, based on ILLUSION.

The REVOLUTIONARY is a dedicated man, merciless toward the state and towards the whole of educated and privileged society in general; and he must expect no mercy from them either. Between him and them there exists, declared or undeclared, an unceasing and irreconcilable war for life or death. He must discipline himself to endure torture.

We accept the consequences for/of our audacity.

Ø

The situation my father faces is far more stressful than what I face. Considering I used to spend much cash on herb, now that I am resisting the compulsion to seek relief from herb or even alcohol, the fact that the Department of Education is gorging from my dole may not hurt me as much as I think. I am not alone in my suffering. Living is not easy.

My lifestyle, while it may be condemned by those who sell their energy for money, may very well be the path of least resistance. I will just have to work out a payment plan with Brick. When I land in Mom's back room, along with one of the payments I will notify the Brick Municipal Court that I no longer reside at Victorian Gardens. If the judge lectures me about 3 complaints in one month, I will confess to abstaining from alcohol and planning to vacate the apartment before April. No more complaints will be made about me where I am as I am, walking on eggshells in order to transfer transport belongings into storage.

I fully understand that my life is the antithesis of a Hollywood Blockbuster, and yet, if I can just develop a tone and attitude in my Writing Voice, I may venture into the literary realm of a Salinger or a Kafka. Yes, I am aware that both men are of "Jewish" descent, but I have more in common with such introverts than I do with a militaristic fascist such as Adolf Hitler!

Yes, the reflections about my daily existence may reveal me to be an unambitious slacker, but I am far more amiable and philosophical than Obama!

Why was Cioran considered a poetic philosopher or one who wrote philosophical poetry? Cioran never wrote a novel, never developed a system. By keeping track of the trivial details of daily existence, am I developing a certain "tone"?

While reading Roland Topor's novel, The Tenant, I discovered a paragraph that hit home.

"But what crime had he committed, that they should be so intent on his destruction? Perhaps, the same crime as that of a fly caught in the trap of a spider's web. The building was a trap, and the trap functioned. It was even possible that they had no personal animosity toward him. But when he thought of the stern, unbending faces of the neighbors, he abandoned this hypothesis. There could be no doubt of their personal animosity to Trekovsky. They could not forgive him, just because he was Trekovsky; they hated him for that, and they had determined to punish him for it."

"Had this whole enormous machine been set in motion for no purpose except to punish him? Why such an effort, just for him?"
Had I also fallen into some kind of trap?

Schopenhauer: University of One

The last time in my life that I focused primarily on the work of Arthur Schopenhauer was back in 2010..2011 in Asbury Park when forced to attend Park Place Outpatient Treatment. I went through Volume 2 of The World As Will and Representation in its entirety.

Now, since I am abstaining from alcoholic inebriation and refuse to fill my head with the mumbo jumbo found in support groups and treatment centers, I instantiate "The Schopenhauer Cure" by going through Volume 1 of this work and referring to Volume 2 when I want clarification.

My goal is to strengthen my mental powers, to incorporate the deep thinking and knowledge of Schopenhauer into my own inner life. This activity will be more valuable to me than "returning to college" or starting "therapy".

In the meantime, I will also be exploring the work of HP Lovecraft and the obscure Thomas Ligotti. Let the masses go on running around the race track chasing after posterity. I choose to live as what I am: a philosopher.

Ø

What is the significance of my return to the study of Schopenhauer's magnum opus at this juncture?

Evidently I am looking for ground, solid ground.

Nearly 3 decades of raw existence with which I have no thinker, besides Gioran, to offer such an honest explanation of the trouble with being born.

It also gives me a sense of continuity. Some may view my continually moving from one residence to another as a sign of erratic behavior, instability, unpredictability, and general dissatisfaction with environments, and I think this view may be valid.

Again and again I draw attention to myself just by being myself. Is it my refusal to pursue a position in the workforce that causes conformists to secretly despise me?

Getting by without the necessities such as automobile, cable TV, Internet connection, smart phone, iPod, a "girlfriend" or "wife", a religion, "friends", work associates, I have successfully defied the pressure to conform to society's norms.

Of course, entertainment and literature and music are mostly produced for mass consumption, with conformists as the intended audience. Schopenhauer, Gioran, and even Ligotti did not have the masses in mind as an audience. They wrote for me, the few.

The environment between my ears is the only one left to defend, and I will be vigilant in defending it against the bombardment of erroneous ideologies. The benefit of re-reading certain texts many years later is, that I may have many questions lurking in the sub-conscious or unconsciousness.

For instance, I am in want of clarity concerning principium individuationis. It is not even listed in the index of volume 2 (of ~~TW&R~~ TWAW&R). My notes will bring me clarity. Other students of Schopenhauer will have to take their own notes and do their own contemplating and reflecting.

Time and space are the principium individuationis. The will as thing-in-itself lies outside the province of the principle of sufficient reason in all its forms, and is consequently completely groundless. Time, space, and causality do not belong to the thing-in-itself, but are only the forms of our knowing.

There is nothing more deserving of my clear, conscious mental faculties than this in depth consideration of Schopenhauer's TWAW&R. It is beyond politics.

Schopenhauer is openly hostile to Islam, and this is a great psychological support for me since I don't want my RESISTANCE to be associated with any loyalty to that Muslim nonsense!

Regardless, I will be documenting this literary voyage with my "diaries". What I caught my attention with this text is that the author translated essays by Krauss with extensive annotations. Krauss had attacked the popular media's manipulation of reality, the dehumanizing machinery of technology and consumer capitalism. Even though Karl Kraus had a fervent following which included Franz Kafka, he remained a lonely prophet. Few people today are familiar with his work.

Fortunately for me, Jonathan Franzen is one of them. The Kraus Project promises to be a feast of thought, passion, and literature. Will this distract me from The Schopenhauer Project?

Why must it be considered a distraction?

What's the rush? Maybe it will be incorporated into the curriculum of my University of One.

My "studies" may help me maintain continuity no matter where I rest my head. As I have come to realize the futility of keeping the public abreast of my literary investigations, I am free to embrace a private secret life that ~~has~~ is independent of an audience. Even elite professors in universities ignore Schopenhauer because he was so intellectually HONEST!

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This idea of a "University of One" liberates me from the corporatized Internet. While surely my notes might be typed up on a blog of some sort, no longer will I be begging an audience to join my private University.

What a great blessing to ~~be~~ possess this degree of independence!

And I am liberating myself from limiting myself to public libraries or book stores. That I have a small arsenal of obscure texts in my possession allows me to savor the readings.

There is no need to race. What is sought is depth. What is sought is a passionate appreciation for truth and intellectual honesty.

Ø
Sadness for no particular reason. An old familiar sadness that is almost comforting. Could my intimacy with this feeling be a safeguard against sinking into clinical depression?

This is the sad kind of happiness, the happy kind of sadness mentioned in ~~the~~ Levin's this Perfect Day! This could also be the emotional state which advertisers count on when marketing products to the masses, as if a new car will cure us of life's inherent misery.

Ø

Where is this adventure leading? In the spring, once I ~~have~~ have vacated the apartment in Brick, and have personal belongings in storage, I will get a copy of:

ANTI-FREUD: Karl Kraus's Criticism of
Psychoanalysis and Psychiatry
by Thomas Szasz

Ø

Consider these diaries to be notes...

Note 25 from The Kraus Project: "Who has time to read literature, when there are so many blogs to keep up with, so many food fights to follow on Twitter?"

Surrounded by electronic media, who has time to look within? I do.

I do not regret spending nearly \$30 on this unique text. It has already lead me to the text I will search for in April. It is becoming more and more clear that my mental independence, my intellectual honesty, and my confidence as a thinker and as a scholar gives me an edge when it comes to confrontations with the mental health industry.

131
Ø
My diaries are a sort of confession. That being said, I will proceed to confess the most innocent yet delightful sin: heating up chicken soup, devouring two bowls, & then, at 1PM, laying down on an air mattress to continue reading Schopenhauer's TWANAR v.1 for the ^{nth} time until I roll over to nap with a full belly of homemade soup.

I may even fantasize about a couple of unattainable women simultaneously.

Note also that I just threw in the trash about \$4000 worth of hospital bills from the past few month's trips to the ER.

I am not a saint.

I am a shameless dead beat Bohemian.

The most enjoyable thing I can do in this apartment is read, deep philosophy, nap, jerk off, then soak in the 'tub.

Ø
What to make of my lifestyle, as an otaku?
Without the oblivion of alcohol, I have recourse to living in such a way that less independent minds I might "snap." What is for me to do?
I cook my meals. I eat mechanically - I reflect.

Here comes the mood ... the mood that compels me to pick up a pen and scribble, even if all words are pig shit. Getting through a day simply to remain alive, to nurture the animal body with food and rest, to nurture the mind with literature. Even as a quiet despair lurks in this mood, I am well aware that many are sitting before a television or engrossed in a video game.

Boredom. I consider myself fortunate to be drawn to literature, philosophy, and deep thinking. After a meal, I may want to walk outdoors ... maybe to Walgreens for rolling papers, to Walmart for Scott towels, and a light to strap around my head for reading, now that reading will become my main activity to fill in the hours I had been spending inebriated.

I learn to be the loser, the otaku.

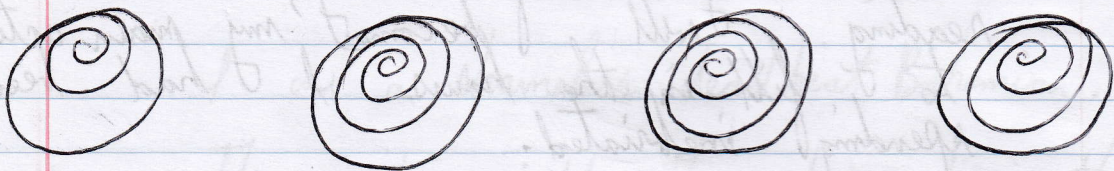
I take some pride in preparing my own meals. I also take pride in living without cable TV, without internet, without automobile, without friends or social life, without a love life or romance or sweetheart. I take pride in living the life of the philosophical outsider.

981
Again reflecting on the psychological novel that predates the
branch of study now known as psychology,
The Scarlet Letter, I strongly suspect that all these
hours spent in solitude can't do me harm, that
these hours have made me stronger.

Developing the capacity to be alone. Isn't this
Schopenhauer's advice to all who would transcend
public opinion and such false concepts as honor?

Why do I prefer walking in the dark as opposed to
daylight? Do I wish to be
INVISIBLE? A long walk outdoors might
help me lift my spirits to enjoy
natural movement without broken leg!

To embrace whatever mood that is coming over me.



2014.03.11 Tuesday

Yesterday I did not want to eat. Saturday
and Sunday I drank a lot of Fireball
whiskey. Today I am healing -
just resting all morning, all afternoon.
There is a certain freedom one
experiences when one chooses not to
participate in society... I am half-dead.

I like to walk around outdoors, but I don't like to be "seen" from cars or from those looking out windows. Nor do I like to be "heard" "doing nothing"; but it is what it is. I don't like it.

Am I ANTI-SOCIAL? Am I a misanthrope? My stomach rumbles. I got down some pasta. I hide in the apartment even though it is beautiful ~~at~~ outdoors. Why? I don't want to be observed - from the highways or from windows.

Like Cioran, I contemplate my corpse, and this brings me relief. These conclusions I have come to seem to have liberated me from much toil. Marriage, property, reproducing... this is the status quo. I

I live outside of all that.

I am an exile?

Am I a parasite? A dead-beat?

Or... Am I a kind of genius?

Ø

Without alcoholic oblivion, there is nothing for me to do here in Brick but read (and I hide) and cook (and eat) and smoke cigarettes. When I get stir crazy, I force myself to go for a walk. Where to? NOWHERE.

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Ø

To spend an entire day doing nothing but reading and napping - staring into the Abyss.

Could it be true that I basically "retired" and retreated from the workforce in 1998? Sixteen years ago! Have I not mastered the lifestyle of the dead beat?

Surely I am some kind of monster!

Ø

I had read that Gioran would move from place to place, living with his wealthy "friends", hanging out on college campuses. I am sure he had plenty of books, manuscripts, and notebooks. How did he transport this stuff?

He said that when he was no longer able to live this way, he would just commit suicide. Maybe ~~there~~ ~~then~~ I was unable to eat yesterday because I am worried about where I will end up next.

Why should I be concerned? As long as I don't drink alcohol, I can stay with my mother through 'Springtime'. By the summer I ought to be able to find an apartment. Then this will begin a "new chapter". Book chapter over.

Moods are so delicate. How did I get through this day? It's nearly 6PM and I just snapped out of a miserable condition. I got through the day by HIDING.

At one point I just laid in bed half asleep... then I read.

I am not a novelist.

Neither was Cioran.

There is no doubt that I am a deep thinker and that some of my moods are dark. I spend most of my life contemplating upon the contents of my own mind or reflecting upon what other writers have had to say about "the trouble with being born."

"How easy it is to be 'deep': all you have to do is let yourself sink into your own flaws."
- Cioran

Isn't this exactly what I did today to endure a misery I could not shake?

Laying on the mattress hiding...

Who shall I read this evening? I could open a chest and pick one of my own notebooks at random... I could then go from Cioran to Schopenhauer to Lovecraft to The Kurosawa Project. This is my life. I am an otaku.

Ø

Why do I write? Why do I write this moment?
 I'm not trying to mimic Cioran. I could
 never I mimic Schopenhauer.
 I fully accept my literary inferiority
 in comparison to both.

Who inspires me to continue writing this
 pig shit? Antonin Artaud!

A true madman.

Tonight I write to a future self who
 might regret having had to vacate
 this "beautiful" apartment in Brick.

First and foremost, the walls are paper thin and
 this causes everyone to be oppressively quiet.
 It actually causes me severe &
 ANXIETY and distress.

Secondly, there is nowhere to hide. If I
 am not in the apartment being quiet, I
 am outside - exposed. The library
 is a long walk. Barnes & Noble - I
 for I walk. Buses no good.
 The only place to "go" is the
 Path Market or Walmart or K-mart -
 not exactly a great hang out for
 conversations. There is nothing for me
 to do but read or wander aimlessly.

Do I get any relief through writing? Haven't I found relief in writing my secret thoughts since I was a teenager? I don't travel, to exotic lands or have romantic affairs but live the life of the ANTI-HERO, the total loser, the otaku. Right I find relief in such raw honesty? If I have an audience, this audience would be outcasts, outsiders, what society considers "losers".

My wealth is within me: knowledge and life experiences. When I resign myself to going through notebooks and returning to Aoran and Schopenhauer, I feel at ease. I choose to focus on the truth.

Can any of this morbid introspection be considered literature? A long suicide note? The majority of people in modern society sit in front of the TV watching films or playing video games or in front of the computer. There are even websites where people discuss ways of killing themselves. Many more people escape via alcohol and other drugs. Then there are "support groups", churches, temples, gyms, tennis clubs, etc. I no longer feel a need to condemn others for getting through life however they do. I implement The Schopenhauer Cure.

The Artand Project!

I like to go through old diaries just to get a feel for how deep the rabbit hole goes, just to recall how many mediocre mentalities (dunces) have felt "superior" to me just because they own a motor vehicle or have a "yab."

Remember Joan and Sharon from MBSP? Remember how they relished in mocking me in my solitariness, ~~that~~ taking a morbid pleasure in my inability to attract phony women. As if I thus somehow insulted me. Were they intimidated by my superior intellect? I see I clearly now a genius is attacked by a confederacy of dunces.

This is why I have to take deep breaths to channel the anger.

I note also that there was not much more for me "in society" when employed at the park and living in the historic Tark House than there is for me living on the dole in Brick! Eureka!

The huge historic Tark House was also like a prison. Is it me personally or the THING-IN-ITSELF?

Whereas society would want me to believe I am a "total loser" or "geek" or otaku for not attracting a female partner, it may just be that my PRESENCE OF MIND, from all my deep contemplation of thinkers such as Schopenhauer and Cioran and even Artaud, may intimidate women.

Nature can't even dupe me!

I may have outsmarted the mechanisms by which the will replicates beings!

One thing I do not MISS is the clinging to I sherry out of fear of being alone.

How many couples are together just so as not to be alone?

How many stay in a job just out of fear of being unemployed?

I have overcome these fears!

I am alone and unemployed and contemplating, not only my corpse, but the extinction of the entire species. Life is MEANINGLESS & POINTLESS.

This is an act of "flipping the script," where I may be able to find peace of mind knowing that I have intimated all along the phantasmagoric quality of existence.

As I read through a diary from 1996, the wind howls outdoors like "The Old Ones" from an HP Lovecraft story.

What a relief not to worry about who Sherry — or any other woman, for that matter — is "sleeping with".

"I DON'T GIVE A SHIT." ~ J.R. Chiefs tick
(100% Blackfoot Aborigine
of Turtle Island
who I met in Seattle, WA)

In 1996 (age 29), I wrote, "I will not go out of my way to find a mate. It shall not be the center of my life. Even though I am only 29 years old, I am ~~not~~ waiting for (contemplating upon) death."

"Why would I hurry frantically only to become hopelessly ensnared?"

Note: I may speak notes on Artan out loud into recorder, taking minimal notes herein.

Ø (Jonathan Franzen)

Something worth noting from The Kraus Project, p. 214-215:

<<<

Freud's psychic architecture of id, ego, and superego is more, mysterious and suggestive in the original German: the It, the I, and the Over-I.

The German word for "id," "Es," points toward my objectness — I'm not just good old familiar I me, I'm also an It, a thing in the world. Freudianism undermines the notion of an individual with a free will and limitless agency. If you look too closely at the self, it disappears. >>>

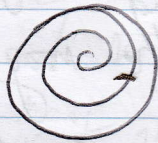
It is the words, not the It, that exist independent of me. The words I write are not the It I be!

<<< Then there's the Marxist critique: psychoanalysis is a bourgeois institution, a diversion for those with the time and money for it. The real It is economic and class relations, which create the ideology which governs you; and no wonder the It is scary to you. >>>

The bottom line is that we know less than we think we know. That there is no cure for the human condition. Professionals and experts who presume to sell a cure as a product of psychiatry are outright liars. There is no cure for the human condition.

Psychiatry and psychoanalysis are farces.

"For Kraus, psychoanalysis is the disease of the mind for which it believes itself to be the cure."



2014.03.16 Sunday

I awaken with the realization that one of the main stressors is ~~that~~ the lack of opportunity to express myself. Nobody cares. Nobody wanted to hear my complaints!

I couldn't resist replacing the Artaud Anthology, the book I gave to Tyson Van Blue of Matawan, Tyson who escaped dangerous situations in Matawan to live with friends in Idaho. Antonin Artaud's work is so rare, and he is so much more a madman than Schopenhauer or Cioran. The least I could do for myself to supplement "THE ARTAUD PROJECT" was to have access to the anthology. I also have an anthology of DH Lawrence...

So, even though I am putting most of my notebooks and books into storage, even though I will no longer have a "studio", I will still lay on the floor at my mother's humble little abode and continue my literary activities.

Antonin Artaud (1896-1948) In 1936, at age 40, he goes to Mexico (January to November) to experiment with peyote, then returns to France, his condition shaky. In 1937, he travels to Ireland. Aboard a boat, he is straightjacketed after threatening to damage himself, and sent the police back to France, and was in many "hospitals" for nine years until released in 1946. He dies in 1948, just one month after there was a refusal to broadcast *Pour en finir avec le Jugement de Dieu*.

Why am I so fascinated with Artaud?

The Phenomenology of Suffering.

Mental suffering... his anguish... his total rejection of the bourgeoisie... his obsession with the occult, magic, the theater of cruelty, mind and body, rebellion, and revolution... his hatred of psychiatry.

Since I have invested in this copy, and since I have read the anthology before, I can take my time with it. I am entering a new phase of my intellectual development. I understand that I can be in love with women even though I am unable to seduce or attract them. I am not bitter.

I also discovered "The Portable D. H. Lawrence" in a thrift store for 10¢. I look forward to investigating it.

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Hence, my literary interests continue even when I vacate my apartment and crash on my mother's rug in the little back room.

This is my life. I recall R.G., my cellie back in 1997, the retired homicide detective, recommending "The Greatest Lie Ever Told." I think it was by D.H. Lawrence. No. W.H. Uffington (1885 born ... 45)

- Lawrence died in 1930. He saw and recorded the first appearance of the telephone, the motor-car, the movies, the airplane, the radio - and he had a deep, better intuition of their role in our culture.

Lawrence thoroughly rejects the moral and gynostical premises of modern life - the whole modern Christian ethos. He sees a terrible error in our modern institutions. He is deeply opposed to both Judaism and Christianity. Lawrence finds revelation in the pre-Christian, pre-Judaic mysteries, in an invocation of the "dark gods" of certain primitive peoples.

These are the kinds of things that inspire me. I am a true SCHOLAR! It is no wonder I loathe mainstream cable TV which glamorizes the corporate world of ambitious and superficial go-getters. Look who my heroes are. Look to these deceased thinkers for guidance to help me cope with this "machine madness".

An observation: I seem to be more comfortable over here at my mother's with her sitting on the sofa watching TV shows, and me lying on the floor reading obscure literature than I am trying to be ever so quiet in that apartment I complex.

Is it pathetic that my sole "possession" is a large collection of notebooks which contain minute details about infatuations with unattainable women? I have learned to be the loser. I am in my own orbit. And so I continue to write. And, yes, I continue to allow my sexual attractions to surface even as I am aware that my total lack of ambition, lack of resources, and lack of sexual progress makes a mockery of my most tender and sensual desires.

Lawrence is a great pessimist. Why has it taken me until the age of 47 to investigate this writer?

Technical note: I had planned on naming the next notebook, #165 "Mental Insurrection: Book 5" but since vacating the apartment in Brick and storing my notebooks in storage is a major change, hence, I will want to begin a new series.

Observations, Complaints, and Investigations: Book 1
(Spring-Summer-Autumn 2014)



2014. 03. 17 Monday Brainstorming for next series title.

VATIC : PROPHETIC, ORACULAR

origin of VATIC : Latin vates seer
akin to Old English wōth poetry,
Old High German wuot madness,
Old Irish fáith seer, poet.

Is it possible that writing serves as an excuse for doing nothing? If so, I think is brilliant!

"When" I go outdoors to smoke tobacco I will "heroically" brush snow off The Mother's motor car. She is preparing corned beef & cabbage as we won't be making the drive into Old Freehold for Count Jester feast.

I'm not disappointed. My last trip into Freehold left me feeling dejected. It's creepy. This kind of suffering is not necessarily depressing. Home sweet Home is not sweet at all. All is nightmare. Cosmic Horror.

It makes perfect sense that, after a lifetime of investigating diverse literature I should zero in on those thinkers who were ignored, persecuted, misunderstood, mocked - those who uttered unpleasant and disturbing truths which modern society would rather repress.

Such as the statement by Artaud in a letter to the publisher Jacques Riviere: "I care very little whether I seem to anyone to exist."

Of course, reading correspondence between Artaud and a publisher who rejected his poems, let alone adding my own commentary in a private diary, is a ~~totally~~ USELESS enterprise. This is what delights me. When I was attending the University in New Brunswick, New Jersey, I majored in Computer Science, I took an elective ~~called~~ in Literary Studies. I think it was Fiction and Ideology. The professor called me "the engineer" but told me he thought I would be much happier studying literature and philosophy precisely because it has nothing whatsoever to do with commerce, industry, or anything practical whatsoever. That's the point!

I don't give a fuck about people's "tax forms". It's not that "accounting" is difficult at all. Accounting is petty. Nor do I want to be a code monkey. I was floored when I first read Schopenhauer's statement about how he found life to be profoundly unpleasant and that he would devote his entire life to studying the problem of existence itself. Notice how petty a tax return is when compared to whether ~~your~~ life is worth living. I help my mother with her "tax refunds", but the whole system nauseates me.



Why am I now investigating the work of Lawrence? He was a rebellious and profoundly polemical writer with radical views, who regarded sex, the primitive, subconscious, and nature as cures to what he considered the evils of modern industrialized society.

Besides his troubles with the censors, Lawrence was persecuted as well during World War I, for the supposed pro-German sympathies of his wife, Frieda. He travelled restlessly to Italy, Germany, Ceylon, New Zealand, Tahiti, the French Riviera, Mexico, and the United States, searching for a new ~~home~~ ^{unsuccessfully} homeland.

In Taos, New Mexico, he became the center of a group of female admirers who considered themselves his disciples, and whose quarrels for his attention became a literary legend.

I am in no hurry to race through his stories, essays, and poems. It does not matter if I nod off and nap in mid-sentence...

Like the dissidents and deadbeats Virginia Woolf wrote about, I am free to be an "undisciplined reader." I go from Lawrence to Artaud to Cioran to Lovecraft to Schopenhauer to Ligotti to Krug to Franzen to my own diaries to Christopher Moore to Charles Dickens, reading chunks of each at a time. I drift to sleep and enter hypnagogic states.

Tackling The Great Problem (In-Depth)

Like Emile Cioran, I have been exposed to a wide variety of people, not merely academicians. Many very talented individuals I haven't understood anything. Very few people have understood.

And yet, as Cioran says in an interview, "You can meet someone just like that, in the streets or in a bistro, it's a revelation. It's someone who has went in depth, who has tackled the great problem."

These are the kinds of deep revelations that I have been able to share with a handful of folks very deep conversations - sometimes when I inebriated. I only like deep conversations. Some people can't handle being around me because they don't want to understand anything, whereas I have tackled the great problem.

If I had 24/7 access to the Internet, I would surely be drawn to other solitary thinkers blogs and what not, but there is a point where I would be overwhelmed... I would be tempted to acquire obscure and expensive literature. I'm sticking to my diaries.

701

(C)

2014.03.20 Thursday I still haven't contacted Monmouth County except for a voice message concerning rental assistance. I am still distressed by the implications of what Dr. So said to me during our short session, that I was "all talk, no action." What the fuck is this supposed to mean?

Have I not nurtured a rich inner life? If I refuse to become involved in Alcoholics Anonymous, will this be enough for this doctor to "drop me for non-compliance"?

During the years I was active on whywork.org, it was suggested to me that "therapists" are not helpful. By April 15th, I am supposed to have a primary doctor.

What will this entail?
Check-ups? Physicals?

Haven't I ~~always~~ been told by several people on the Internet that my greatest qualities prevent me from being corporate fodder.

Evidently, the psychiatrist views me as a very intelligent "loser" who's life has turned to shit. I am experiencing a slight twitch in my left cheek, Mamma, I cannot deny that I have radical and subversive views concerning the dominant culture. I am classified as ~~a~~ BIPOLAR ALCOHOLIC & EMOTIONALLY DISTURBED.

Ø

Some of Immanuel Kant's views I disagree with when it comes to laws, democracy, and severe punishment for second offenders. This is why it is a good idea to investigate certain thinkers before "worshipping" them.

I just don't know anymore.

Ø

"By all evidence, we are here in the world to do nothing." — Cioran

©

2014. 03. 23 Sunday We are here in the world to do nothing. With so many evangelists and reverends and theologians and those who study the Koran or the Torah, I am able to hold my head up high having spent nearly half my life studying the philosophy of Arthur Schopenhauer.

Schopenhauer suggest we cease reproducing our species. Sent this just such a radical "Fuck you" to all the talk about "getting fucked off the planet"?

99% of what we do is unconscious, according to neuroscience, cognitive science, or "brain science". Have I once again "sabotaged" my residency specifically because of the discomfort anxiety I experience in "garden apartments" where I feel I'm "spied upon"?

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In Virginia Woolf's "A Room of One's Own," she insists that if a woman who wants to write has to have a room of her own where she may hide from those who would interrupt her with their petty and practical needs.

A woman would be considered to be "doing nothing" were she to be seen writing in her diary and contemplating.

Even though I am not a woman, I can appreciate this desire, or need, for solitude, to be hidden from the eyes of busybodies, nosey, switches, concerned citizens, and the Thought Police in general.

In Orwell's, 1984, Winston was considered a THOUGHT CRIMINAL specifically and precisely because he kept a THOUGHT PAD. He hid in corners to scribble his real thoughts "to the future."

These days "blogs" are the rave.

We make our DISSIDENCE public knowledge.

We broadcast our MENTAL INSURRECTION. When I witness a professional psychiatrist or other "mental health associate" judge me as one who "does nothing," or "all talk, no action," I fathom that it is the professionals who just don't get it.

There is an international coalition called Mind Freedom which advocates against forced medication, medical restraints, and electroconvulsive therapy. It's stated mission is to protect the rights of those who have been labeled with psychiatric disorders.

Very relevant to my current resistance to forced "therapy" is the 1988 text by Jeffrey Moussaieff Masson's Against Therapy: Emotional Tyranny and the Myth of Psychological Healing which claims that psychotherapy is a form of socially sanctioned abuse.

According to Masson, therapists "distort another person's reality" and try to change people in ways that conform to the therapists' concepts and prejudices.

Is psychiatry itself a coercive instrument of oppression? One has the right to be different. Does one have the right to do nothing, to not seek employment, to live on social security spending his life as a scholar outside of academic institutions?

What I find insulting and denigrating are the "moral talks" (encouragements or reprimands) with such sweeping judgments as "your way isn't working".

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The class nature of mental hospitals, and their role as agencies of control, is well recognized. In the 1920's extreme hostility to psychiatrists and psychiatry was expressed by Antonin Artaud, in particular in his book on Van Gogh. He spent a fair amount of time in a straight jacket.

How to explain stigmatizing: Society views ~~at~~ certain actions as deviant, and, in order to come to terms with and understand these actions, often places the label of mental illness on those who exhibit them.

According to Bruce E. Levine psychiatry is used as the provider of scientific support for social control to the existing establishment.



The previous entry was meant to summarize the theme of this series of notebooks, Mental Insurrection, and, while this is the final volume of this series, the insurrection is far from over.

As a way to kind of transition from this series into the next, from this "chapter of my life" into the one around the bend, I will explore the

themes of mindcrime, thought crime, the Thought Police, and the "secret police" or shadow government.

Civil libertarians are alarmed at the invasiveness of the Patriot Act. During an involuntary commitment to a "behavioral health treatment center" for "psychiatric observation", we were told by a "mental health professional" that, because of the outbreak of mass shootings by apparently "emotionally disturbed" individuals (EDI), we are living in a different universe today, where all actions and words will come under extreme scrutiny by the mental health system in an attempt to prevent such events.

The surveillance technology Orwell envisioned is already here - on street corners, in libraries, and along office hallways.

The Thought Police are the secret police of Oceania in George Orwell's dystopian novel, 1984. It is the job of the thought police (like the nurse in the local emergency room in charge of "psychiatric evaluations") to uncover and punish thoughtcrime and thought criminals.

In the novel, they use psychology and omnipresent surveillance to search, find, monitor and arrest members of society who could

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potentially challenge authority and the status quo, & even only by thought.

Just mentioning that one is working on a "manifesto" is enough, cause for a mental health "agent" to commit one to indefinite psychiatric incarceration in a "treatment center".

It was Orwell's own "power of facing unpleasant facts" and his willingness to criticize prevailing ideas which brought him into conflict with others and their orthodoxies.

Naturally, the Thought Police target and eliminate highly intelligent people, since they may come to realize how they are being exploited.

States where the secret police wield significant power are referred to as police states.

May we consider the FBI, the CIA, NSA, Homeland Security, or even "citizens harassment groups" as secret police or, at least, THOUGHT POLICE? What about the basic generic corporation?

Secret-police organizations employ internal spies and civilian informants to find protest leaders

or dissidents, and they may also employ agent provocateurs to incite political opponents to perform illegal acts.

Ø
I most likely can be considered hikikomori.

Realizing just how acclimated my neighbors are to living in total silence here, and cognizant that I only have four full days before I rent a van and abandon ship, I am "playing their game", walking on eggshells, conforming to their oppressive silence.

My insurrection can be purely mental in the private regions of my inner Being.

I can read Schopenhauer silently until I slip off into an afternoon nap. I like a heretic protecting himself against snitches, spies, busy bodies, and authority-worshippers.

I am DIVERGENT, and so I HIDE.

Ø
I play with lethal and poisonous thoughts. Remaining ever so quiet during these last days is a strategy that drives home just what a miserable place it really is. It is like a turning point

in a real life drama (science fiction/cosmic horror)
where the hero or anti-hero is no longer naïve,
where he is fully aware that he is the
victim of some vast conspiracy..

I am fully aware of my high intelligence, and,
far from what others might suspect,
I am not fooled by the meritocracy.

Owning an automobile does not make one superior.
Having a "position" with a corporation or a
government agency does not make one superior.
It may make one a lap-dog or a
well dressed slave.

And so I hide.

I have no need of a library or even a Barnes and
Noble. I only like to read books that bite,
as Kafka said. The reader of my notes
and records will be well acquainted with the
authors I am drawn to. I am as much
the intelligent minority in libraries and bookstores
as I am in a philosophy class at a
community college.

Our society, the nation, is one huge shopping
center of consumers. Going to a Walmart
with no intention of purchasing anything only
exposes the emptiness of our way of life.
Going to a restaurant, ordering just the
salad bar, & gorging alone, would be socially awkward.

Being anywhere alone might be socially awkward. Still, one must retain this awareness that solitude is the school of genius, and that social alienation might give the "outsider" a superior vantage point from which to critique the world of subdivisions, malls, apartments, automobiles and highways, factories, inner cities, airports, army bases, court houses, churches, schools, prisons, Indian reservations, hospitals, boarding houses and group homes, golf courses, cruise ships, banks, hotels, vacation resorts, restaurants, grocery stores, casinos, zoos, car dealerships, tennis courts, sport arenas, cemeteries, railroad tracks, polluted creeks and lakes, and basically the general ambience of the Industrial World as a whole.

One would be wise and fortunate to nurture some kind of inner landscape in one's imagination, a sort of inner wilderness of the mind, a secret place to make contact with the deeper ~~primal~~ primal forces.

This has been the purpose of my scribbling in secret, private "diaries" my ~~of~~ ^{entire} life. This practice enables me to live the life of the mysterious scholar, the Faustus who dares to elevate from the boundaries of dogma and orthodoxy, who does not fear the invisible intelligences, but actually conjures and invites them to "make contact."